The night had closed in Susannah fair home
And no streaming rays from the skies airy dome
Transmitted their glow through the darkness below
Beneath the dense veil could no imagery show

The weather vane twirled with the breeze around
An emblem of rooster and cow of the farm
Through blank somber night were their tireless play
For the stormy clouds that stood in the way

The tramping of horse unheard in the stable
The sheep folded in as babes of the cradle
The squealing of pigs or the moaning of cows
The daintiest slumberer could not arouse

The fowls and the pigeons they too were now still
All animal life seemed tranquil of will
No opening of latch nor step in the hall
Disturbed this silence that reigned over all

—

Amid this stillness hush her thoughts entered flight
Careering beyond and in loftier sight
Though often she tried to recall them again
Till she was exhausted by effortless aim

There seemed a something preventing her say
Decrying her senses in pathomless way
Unconscious becoming of all earthly care
Her mother then came and she knew not from where

Preface

Susanna's mother appeared to her the first time as seen on pages 11 55 and 56 And after which she occasionally felt that her mother's spirit was near her and at often saw her in transient gleams for the space of a year At which time she returned

At the mother's first visit she appeared with the card sent to Susanna from Clay County Indeana in her right hand and in her left arm held a large blank book or record as a journal or book for accounts She opened the book looked into it and then at Susanna At length closing it with a sigh and turning an undaunted look on Susanna that made her tremble she vanished

When she appeared the second time at seen on page second and at the close of the extracts from her book she looked more glorious than at her first appearing The contents of page in the opened book appeared before the book itself seeming finer than the finest engraved type Though in printed letters And the pictures finer than the finest engravings or painted pictures that Susanna had ever seen

Looking in the book at a plate of picture of persons or scenery it seemed to be sensitive or something that we cannot express for from the thing looked upon would emerge its likeness in the colors and pulses of life as real persons and things without diminishing or dimming in the least the picture in the book

Susanna could not read a word of the print in her mother's book but she could read the card sent to her from Clay County Indiana in her mother's hand

She now thought to get the substance by trying to describe the pictures as well as she could though she knew it would be far inferior in style and interest to those of her mother's verses

The mother showed deep sadness when Susanna could not read her verses but accepted the effort in trying to tell of the pictures

Susanna sat up in bed taking her slate and her pencil in hand her eyes shut and in the dark of the Moon wrote of the pictures until she filled two slates each night that her mother came She standing at Susanna's back with her arms around Susanna's neck and crossed over her breast holding the book and turning its pages

The writer

P. S. After closing this volume entire of "Susanna the Shakeress" We thought to open again at this page and fill out a vacancy of paper by saying that this school mates of Susanna the Shakeress although they nearly all left the Society when they became of age or before Yet they all made men and women superior in station wealth and abilities to any of their near kindred outside And as one evidence of this We present a letter written by one of them — Daniel Stewart a class mate of Susanna

"Her father's property she knew was not great
But she wanted share in her rightful estate
Could own it for mining or else for the rent
To act as she chose was her father's intent
"He did not design she should leave her good home
He would not for all his see her from it roam
And neither would she for the wealth of the state
E'er wander away trusting in the world's fate

... ...

Now issues on Susanna's pensive array
As the morning's awakening welcomes the day
Her mother will record in regaining sight
And brighter and brighter on her inner sight
"Till distinct appeared in the types' known sign
What clearly in verses seem'd printed and fine
In her mother's record illumined bright
She brought to Susanna's neath covering night
"But not one word or letter to utter she could
Distinct as her newspaper printed throughout
"From her mother's book glimpses had passed her
Ere Neil at the lightnings flash lighten the main whole
When in glancing moments chime expanses
And then back the heavy thick darkness doth roll
"The previous year was her mind there all'er'd
But meant nothing definite e'er she was assur'd

"Now Susanna Shoulder'd at her mother's touch
And for resentment of Will it was too much
Her mind and her senses seem'd as it were
Forced to subjection by her mother's prayer
"The book now arrang'd for Susanna to read
Though clear at the mid day she could not pro-ceed
The lines and the letters and the words sublime
She could not repeat in the immortal rhyme
"Susanna could read though the card sent to her
In her mother's fingers in sensitive stir
(Her spiritual mother now solemnly stands
Perseading by tokens that clearly expands
Developing emblems defined her will
Susanna this learn'd from her mother's signs still
"Her language convey'd no audable sound
Yet her information equivelents found
What in vocal sentence she wished to say
The symbol intelligence seem'd per-spic-u-ous per way)
"This failure settled in her mother's face sad
But soon manifested the confidence had
And her book resumed on Susanna's sight
To the pages printing illustrated bright
"That blend in the colors and pulses of life
Its joys and its pleasures its conflicts and strife
And then to Susanna suggested the thought
That from the pictures might the substance be brought
"Her mother's dress flowed as a cloud to the sight
In its fleecy folding of beautiful white

In the summer of 1878 when Susanna wrote from the pictures in her mother's spiritual book

Her father's property she knew was not great
But she wanted a share in her rightful estate
Could own it for meaning or else for the rent
To act as she chose was her father's intent
He did not design she should leave her home
He would not for all his see her from it roam
And neither would she for the wealth of the state
Ere wander away treading in the world's jale

Now issued on Susanna's pensive array
As the morning awakening welcomes the day
Her mother with record in regaining sight
And brighter and brighter on her inner sight
Till distinct appeared in the type known sign
What clearly in verse sum'd printed and fine
In her mother's record illumined bright
She brought to Susanna's meek covering sight
But not one word or letter to utter she could
Distinct as her news paper printed stood
From her mother's book glimmer had passed her brain
Ere this as the lightning's flash left o'er the main
When in glancing moment shone expanse whole roll
And then back the heavy thick darkness close
The previous year was her mind thus all'er'd
But mainly nothing def. nite ere she was assur'd

see page 34

84 b copy of 84 a

Now Susanna shuddered at her mother's touch
And for resentment of will it was too much
Her mind and her senses seemed as it were
Forced to subjection by her mother's prayer
The book now arranged for Susanna to read
Being yet clear as the mid day she could not proceed
The lines and the letters and the words sublime
She could not repeat in the immortal rhyme
Susanna could read through the card sent to her
In her mother's fingers in sensitive stir
(Her spiritual mother now solemnly stands
Persuading by tones that clearly expands
Developing emblems defined her will still
Susanna then learned from her mother's signs
Her language conveyed no audible sound
Yet her information equivalents found
What in vocal sentence she wished to say
By symbol intelligence seemed the preferable way)
This failure settled in her mother's face sad
But soon manifested the confidence had
And her book reopened on Susanna's sight
To the pages pointing illustrated bright
That seemed in the colors and rules of life
Its joys and its pleasures its conflicts and strife
And then to Susanna suggested the thought
That from the pictures might be brought
The substance,
Her mother's dress floated as cloud to the light
In its fleecy foldings of beautiful white

May 2nd 1878

* In the summer of 1878. when Susanna wrote from the pictures in her mothers spiritual book

* See page Susanna the Shakeress

Her being all radiant with glimmers of mirth
Bells Rent the joy yet to dawn upon earth
And sweet as the flower in vernal perfume
Appeared this bright seraph in her vestal bloom
Supreme was the beauty that reign'd in her heart
Which visions elysian glory impart
The beryl transmitting its various dyes
Compares with the luster her treasures devise
The light from her life of the spiritual birth
Reveals lasting blessings of undying worth
And gilding the ether encircling our world
Gives forms as of banners in splendor unfurl'd
In grateful obeisance to this seraph bright
The angelic hosts would her presence invite
And far warmer kindliness beams from her eyes
Than the sun-lighted arrows that traverse the skies
Her promised appearance her mission of grace
And truth Kindles rapture in every face
And standing upright in her beauty she broke
The silence bound spell while as follows she spoke
"The children of God are the pure in heart
All such from the ways of transgressors depart
The hairs of your heads are all numbered we're taught
And so are the evils that through us are wrought
Each word and each act shall be judg'd at the bar
Of eternal justice Whatever we are
In this state of trial we there must appear
And render account of our stewardship here
Yet even while here to the honest and true
Bright glories immortal will open to view
The rainbow of promise appearing in sight
Inspires every soul with increasing delight

The manna of heaven is fresh on the dew
It comes with the morning abundent and new
The ransom'd of Israel are fed to their fill
On this food of angels the heavens distill
"Though dim is the spirit of Christ to the blind
'Tis equally dim to the bigoted mind
'Tis the shipwreck of faith that eclipses the light
God's gifts then appear as disasters of night
He is nature unchang'd is the same as of yore
In the fiery pillar He still is before
Redeeming from bondage sustaining in grief
Assisting the needy by timely relief
"The temple He rear'd for the Israelite's eye
That they might the pleasures of idols deny
He took from the nations of all that was best
That beautiful temple in which to invest
As pictures of these to the juvenile mind
Incite to intelligence pure and refin'd
The lessons portray'd in this symbolic mode
Prepar'd in signs the celestial abode
"The favor'd of God must in spirit be strong
Sustaining and helping the feeble along
True faith is a God-given boon to possess
Accorded to Abraham true righteousness
It was the legitimate graft of the soul
Which Christ in his mission did fully unfold
The glorious Image Divinities form
Our blessed Redeemer in truth did adorn
"The channel is faith through which knowledge doth come
That knowledge we have of the eternal One
Through faith was reveal'd to the patriarch true
The God-given promise to bless and renew

To all coming nations of Abrahams seed
That blessing should follow the faithful indeed
Who are deemed worthy through watching and prayer
The blessing of Abram and Jesus to share
"Where much has been given will much be required
The faithful by infinite wisdom inspired
Will multiply talents increasing in worth
That unfaithful servants would hide in the earth
Hence leaders in Israel are called to be true
Unshaken and faithful in carrying through
The work that is destined to bring to the race
Salvation from sin through the order of grace
"Salvation is wrought by confession of sin
At God's sacred altar forgiveness to win
By ceasing from evil and learning the right
The deep scarlet robe is exchanged for the white
Such souls as are cleansed from the stains of the fall
Through justification will honor their call
Released from the fetters of slavery and sin
Their spirits bekken that Christ is within
"This spirit of Christ in the saints that compose
His church here on earth is a beacon to those
Who are wandering over mountains and deserts to find
An ark of protection and rest to the mind
All such as are willing their lives to lay down
Will win in bright glory an immortal crown
While those who in sacrifice give not the whole
Will forfeit a birthright more precious than gold
"Then courage companions in life's toilsome way
The path will grow smoother and brighter the day
God's promise is sure He will never forsake
The soul that's determined the kingdom to take

And such as in life's early stages begin
The work that shall cleanse from the nature of sin
Persistant in strife till the conquest is o'er
Like flowers shall bloom on that beautiful shore"

Susanna the Shakeress

P. S. After having closed this volume of Susanna the Shakeress, (going on to three years) We thought to open again and fill out a vacancy of paper by saying that the school mates of Susanna the Shakeress Although they nearly all left the society when they became of age or before Get they all made men and women superior in station wealth and abilities to any of their near Kindred outside And as one evidence of this We present a letter written by one of these D— S— a class mate of "Susanna the Shakeress"

This D— S— came to Union Village with his father and brother The boys left their Shaker home in which they had been carefully sheltered Rassalaike The father came from England He was an honest earnest Believer a ready zealous supporter of the cause in which he had enlisted to the end of his days when "Well done good and faithful servant" came from the hearts of all who knew him

He now sleeps in the Village graveyard of his beloved home beneath the shadows of youthful evergreens and other shade trees standing as a planted or shard in alternate rows

For eight years D— S— was a member of the Oregon Legislature "much of the time entirely against his own will or inclination" He was still pressed to accept that position again when last at Union Village But declined the high responsibility in conjunction with his own affairs which he felt was becoming rather heavy for he had a family of eight children and above eighty thousand dollars worth of property to look after in country and town

G. S.— D— S— brother become a Senator and had above ninety thousand dollars in landed estate and otherwise

We now read and copy the letter there

Walla Walla Washington Territory

April 23. 1881

Friend — It is now nearly eighteen months since I was at your pleasant village where I whiled away some eleaven years of my childhood and youth It was after the lapse of some thirty-eight years that I carried out the long-cherished plan of making a short visit to the home and the scenes of my childhood and to see some of the faces of those familiar to me in the morning of my recollections

Most of those who gave me those moral lessons to guide my feet from the snares of vice and sin and inculcated in my youthful mind those lessons of virtue and uprightness both by precept and example which have been a guide to me in after life and for which I have ever held your perpleing grateful remembrance had gone to that bourne from whence none return namely James Smith James M. Stinar William Redmon Henry Valentine James Hodge James Archbold etc. They were all men who were moved by the sole desire to benefit others by their example and precepts

The appearance of your village had materially changed from my youthful impressions The fields pastures and woodlots had shrunk Remnants more than half their original size and the different family houses were in more neighborly distance of each other There were other however which age had not altered and time

had not dimmed those principles of order harmony and fellowship which pervaded every thing and seemed to be the governing principles made themselves evident The noblest principles of humanity rule your society and community I felt that selfishness envy and the baser impulses of the human family had no home in your society I have sometimes thought that a people who practice and teach such a rigid code of moral ethics as Mormonism and whose highest aim is to elevate all to a higher plane of life and to make this existence more tolerable and worth living for to reduce crime and misery in this world and be a model to those who wish to live better and purer lives could do more and better service in the cause of humanity by dispersing your principles and practices more prominently before the thoughtful and inquiring people of our country

The first object of all philanthropists is to elevate humanity and make man better for the part they have acted and the principles they have promulgated When I take an unbiassed view of man and see the vice and sin and misery on every hand and find none able to offer a practicle antidote against the sorrows and afflictions that beset us on every side I have sometimes despaired of any efficient remedy I see in your society a way that

would lessen the vice and misery complained of When we come however to apply those principles to the ruling of this selfish world as society is at present organized I fear all appertain that direction would prove futile We have not arrived at that plane where selfishness will be subservient to the well being of society I suppose I look with a pyrrhonistic vision on the future of our race But I am glad to see the people of this country agitating the one man monopoly of the broad acres that our common Parent gave to man as a common heritage that should not be used by any one to enslave his fellow man The God-given gifts water air and land ought not to be monopolized by any one man to the exclusion of his fellow man I own according to the laws of the country some 300 acres of good land which I hold I have no moral right to I think like William H. Seward that there is a law higher than the Constitution When we look in every direction and see the dictation of corporations and capital to Congress with no one to raise his voice in favor of the poor the future looks gloomy indeed

If you will send me a few lines on receipt of this I will feel much obliged Give my kind regards to all who know me in the days of my youth and my best wishes to all My wife often expresses to me her respect and admiration of your society and their kindness which was apparent on every side

Yours truly

Daniel Steele

as are not here while S. W. (whose many charities & kind deeds living after her associates in our comparison her character with that of Dorcas of old) voice was still sounding a company of girls from twelve to fourteen years of age headed by Eliza Hunt strike around out of sight of the most into the garden on the one side and the orchard on the other. where above two hundred horses were tied to the fences. Hearing A signal being given by Eliza the ruddy black eyed commander she & her volunteers filed along the fences & marched to before the horses heads performing at the same time on their instruments of music in the form of tin pans & copper pots drummed upon by table spoons. This band of young musicians so exhilerated & exhilerating the horses that they snapped every one his bridle & made off in droves towards Lebanon where their voices were heard by their owners taking alarm dropped the persecuting hand of the Centre lane & pursued after their animals in hot haste & their hard words reverberating them in the dusty atmosphere By sun down the plundering rabble were all gone from the premises Lawless

But S Beadle not elated his promise to his family & came with a reconnoitre much stronger in numbers than his first most This lawless multitude some on horse back others on foot struck its headquarters in the road between the meeting house & the "The" Centre house as it was call'd in those days — The trustees office as it is call'd at this time about the doors & gates of this, Mentaugit family

~~residents in the~~ community - nearly all the brethren
of the ~~community~~ Village were alarmed urging by persuasions
the thwarting of their malicious threatening of de
struction of considerable property & the tearing away of
innocent children from a comfortable home which
they were content. His the mob regarded not the brethren
words but move it's way through their ranks
Several strong men of the mob leading the way each
bore a ponderous slab in their desperation hands with these
heavy implements they began breaking in the front
door of the house While this damage was being enacted
the sisters inside with crowding the lower called rooms
were fearful hoisted a window on the south side of
the house admitting the younger brethren who came
crowding in one after another Some of the mob having
succeeded attempted an inroad through the same passage
upon which unpermission the sisters shut down the
window The front door now broken by square of
to the strong iron bar that reached across from side to side
The mob now raising in the sisters having broken the
stair ways of the lower floor to prevent the mob
from attending to the upper stories Care was being taken by the
sisters while arranging the hairs up and down the stairs
to place those having kindness in the mob
the front One of the mob striking & pushing
sister to make his way up the stairs had his progress
arrested by young Jonathan Davis springing forward
& exclaiming to the rebel That's my sister you
struck you had not better by that game over again
& while he spoke another sister was jerked from

(The finishing of this sketch is on page 26)

The mouth was small but had a most pleasing expression & he was very respectful to all very attentive to the needs would enter the chambers of the sick & where he was a welcome friend being as attentive as the most faithful nurse — We do not know whether he learned a trade in his younger days but knew that pedro nice work in wood such a manner as to be made to take was patient & very indulgent to children till the children in the nursery order had a little chair of our own that

We now remember of
hearing that R Howard
he wears a moustache
& Judging from some of
his characteristics would
would be inclined to
believe that he was sincere
in every thing but he was
right there were a few
among his brethren who
at heart

Rec'd this Apr
D Johnson
Not mailed